

IT'S A KNOCKOUT!! CAPTAIN COMMANDO and the BOY SOLDIERS!

NO.
31

SEPT.

PEP



the SHIELD

COMICS

10¢



USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR
NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH
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Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

04-10-2014

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing the coupons together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

1000

Figure 1

CUT ON THIS LINE

SPECIAL BULLETIN

I received a sad and mournful letter the other day. The dismemberer who wrote it advised me to give up my fight against injustice, because the Japs and Nazis are strong and the battle will be too hard without my super-powers. After stating this, the writer asked me two questions:

QUESTION ONE, which asked when I expected to recover my super-powers, can be repudiated by saying simply, "Your guess is as good as mine, fellow Naturalists. I'm doing my best to recover my father's formula, but only time can tell when, if ever, I'll succeed."

But I want to say more than that, I want to say that the recovery of my superpowers is only a minor issue, compared to this war going on right now. The loss of my super-powers is a thing of the past. Was the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the loss of Bataan. And just as American soldiers are inspired to stronger battle by their losses, instead of being discouraged by them—my fight is going to be stronger and stronger until, along with our fighting men, I'll march through to victory.

Question two asks, "For, you know my opinion, but what about yours? Do you think you can win your battles unaided by super-power?" I'll answer by telling a little story.

Duffy told me this one, and it happened one summer when he was at camp. The campfully had been picking on one young fellow there — until the counselor suggested that the boys get into the ring and battle their arguments out. (A date was set, and when it arrived, the boys strolled into the ring and started to duke it out.)

Well, for the first ten minutes it looked as if the bulls was going to win. But little by little the fight turned, until our young friend was hands down. It wasn't until then that the young fellow realized he'd hurt his worst that evening—so that every move he made was horrible agony!

The fellow looked at Daisy and smiled. "I know that, if I dodged the fight, or lost the fight, I'd be trampled and ordered around all day—I'd lose my freedom! I didn't stop to think whether or not I was going to win—I knew that I had to defend

The United Nations know that they need to win to remain free—and every one of you members of the United O-Man Club can help. Wars aren't completely won on the battle-field. You're doing your part by buying war stamps with every spare dime and quarter you're got, and it's a small war indeed.

Christa L. Beck, M.D., M.P.H., is an assistant professor of medicine and epidemiology at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Quarter	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Revenue	100	100	100	100
Expenses	100	100	100	100
Profit	0	0	0	0

THE

[illegible]

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Wavelength **Wavelength**

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Wynn Green House
Pat Greenhouse, New York

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Joe Higgins
(the Shield)

THE SHIELD • DUSTY

WITH
BATTLE
THE STRANGLER AND SNOWBIRD

HAA! A MASTERPIECE, EH SNOWBIRD? BUT HIS PICTURE WILL COME TRUE YET! MARK MY WORDS! I WILL ESCAPE FROM HIS PRISON AND GET RID OF HIS CURSED SHIELD AND HIS BEAT DUSTY IN JUST ONE WAY! I, DER STRANGLER, SWEAR IT!



IRVING
THORNTON

IN BERLIN - PUBLIC FEND NUMBER
TWO DIES, AN ORDER

BY DEVILS OVERSEA AND
UNDERGROUND ROUTES



SEE THE MESSAGE
GETS TO DER
STRANGLER
IN AMERICA!

LARGE THIS
HORRIBLE!



LOOK
SOMEWHERE
ELSE MY

JOE'S
MAINTENANCE



GET AWAY
FROM MY WORD
SPOILED!



DER STRANGLER
IS AN ARTIST AND
CANNOT BE
DISTURBED!



BECAUSE I'M AN
ARTIST TOO! YOU SHOULD
SEE ME WITH A TOMMY
GUN!

I ORDER
YOU MY PAINTING
MEN IT IS
FINISHED...



NOT BEFORE!
GUARD?
COME HERE
AT ONCE!



I MUST HAVE
MORE PAINT!
BRING ME A
TUBE OF
BERLIN
BLUE!

TAKE IT EASY!
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO SHOUT!

DER ART SUPPLY
STORE AT 80 HUDSON
STREET IN DER ONLY
VUN DOT HAS IT!

THE SCRAMBLER MUST
HAVE PULL WITH THE
WARDEN! I'M SURPRISED
TO GET HIM SOME
PAINT!

DON'T GET
STEAMED UP,
GARRITY!



LATER AT THE
SUPPLY STORE...



AS SOON AS THE GUARD'S BACK
IS TURNED... THE STRANGLER
SCURRIES THE TURN REVEALING
HIS GOEBBEL'S NOTE...

HEI! BOOT! ORDERS FROM
BERLIN! WE LEAVE HERE
IMMEDIATELY!

CAN'T WE EAT HERE
ARE NO BARS MADE
STRONG ENOUGH TO IM-
PRISON DES STRANGLER!

DON'T
BE FUNNY
STRANGLER!
NOW WE
GONNA LEAVE
IF WE CAN'T
GET OUT!

YOU NUTS
STRANGLER! THE
GUARDS LL SPOT
THAT EMPTY
WINDOW AN

OH NO DEY
VONT!

LOOK AT
THAT SUPERHERO
VOICE OF ART!

SEE
STRANGLER!
YOU'RE A GENIUS
ALL RIGHT! ALL
RIGHT!

HURRY
GUARD & GOING
TO KIDNAP!





WHEE UP JOE!

THE GUN'S SHRIeking IN THE STRANGLER'S CELL. THAT'S WHAT!

HEY! THERE'S NOBODY ON THESE CORPS — JUST PILLOWS UNDER THE BLANKETS!

YEAH! AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



SOUND THE ALARM!

WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL FLASH! THE STRANGLER AND HIS CELL-MATE, THE SNOWBIRD, ESCAPED FROM STATE PRISON!

DUSTY? DID YOU HEAR THAT?



THE STRANGLER ESCAPED WITH SNOWBIRD? I HAVE A HUNCH I KNOW WHERE THEY'LL HEAD FOR!

SNOWBIRD'S OLD NICK: CREEPY/SHARKEY'S SKILLET! I REMEMBER HIM!



GO IT!

THAT'S THE GUY SNOWBIRD TOOK THE RAP FOR IN THE FIRST PLACE!

RIGHT! AND HE'S THE ONE WE'RE GOING TO GET!

NEED MORE OF
QUESTIONS OF
STRANDS FOR
SUPPORTING
OUR DEBTS

FROM NOW
ON I AM YOUR
FATHER! YOU WILL BE
WELL REWARDED IF YOU
OBEY ME WITHOUT ASKING
QUESTIONS! AND YOU
WILL DIE IF YOU DON'T!
WE PROCEED AT ONCE!
TO ROCKY POINT!

THE ALSO
COTTON ALSO
COTTON ALSO



YOU MADE YOUR
FATAL MISTAKE
COMING HERE.
SHOULD HAVE

1984

OKAY THEN MAYBE
THAT'LL CORRECT IT.

SPAT

HOB, HEB, HEC
 I GOT 'EM -
 402-454-182

SHIELD!
HE'S BEEN
HIT!

YOU PUNT -
SIZED TORPEDO.
I'LL TEAR YOU
APART!



MEANWHILE
INSIDE

BOB!
A LITTLE
SNOW BE
FORE I START
MY TARGET
PRACTICE!

IF EVER I
NEEDED MY
SUPER POWERS
BACK NOW'S
THE TIME!

DON'T MOVE
SHIELDY OLD BOY OR
YOU'LL RUN ME
PATTERN!

OH IS LIKE
A PARTY FOR ME!
A TOMMY GUN
AND PLENTY
O' SNOW!

ALL I NEED NOW
IS A LITTLE MUSIC!
DON'T GET LONGSOME
BOYS! I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK!

DO YOU
SEE WHAT I
SAID, SHIELD?

DO I?

A LITTLE BIT OF
DEEPER WILL GIVE SNOW-
BIRDS DOPE JUST THE
RIGHT FLAVOR!

AND WHEN
SNOWBIRD
RETURNS...

OHOOH-
BOY! SWEET
MUSIC AND
ANOTHER WAVE
OF MY FAVORITE
SNOW!







THE HANGMAN



THIS IS A TALE OF TWO HUNTERS! BOTH OF EXCEPTIONAL INTELLIGENCE AND UNUSUAL COURAGE—AND BOTH EXTREMELY SKILLFUL AT STALKING THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME OF ALL—MAN! BUT THERE IS ONE MASSIVE DIFFERENCE: ONE FIGHTS HIS WITS IN THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE, AND THE OTHER SERVES THE FORCES OF TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION.

IT IS A TALE WHICH IN A WAY SYMBOLIZES THE LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE OF OUR FIGHTING DEMOCRACIES AGAINST THE BUTCHERS WHO WOULD CRUCIFY HUMANITY ON A SWASTIKA... IN SHORT IT IS A TALE OF THE HANGMAN AND THE HUNTER!

IN OCCUPIED FRANCE, DER HENKER
SITS AT A TRIBUNAL OF DOOM AND
CHECKS OVER A LIST OF CONDEMNED
FREE FRENCH PATRIOTS...

GOOD! DER
LIST IS COMPLETE!
DO NOT VOYSE
EXULTE! ORDER
DOSS! HANS DEW
SPEER ONE
OF DEM!

JA, HERR
HENKER, WE
SHALL FOLLOW
YOUR ORDERS
IMMEDIATELY!

FRENCH DOSS! WE SHALL
TEACH DEW TO LOVE OUR NAZI
CHILD DORNY IF WE HAD TO HAVE
DEW ALL TO DO IT. COURT
DISMISSED!

THEN WHEN THE
HENKER IS ALONE
THE
SALLOWS!

YES I TOO AM KNOWN
AS THE HANGMAN - BUT I
DEAL IN JUSTICE, WHILE YOU
DEAL IN OPPRESSION
AND HATRED!

WHAT SORT
OF CHILD'S PLAY
IS THIS! I'LL -

NO,
YOU
WON'T!

-AND THIS IS
NO CHILD'S PLAY!

VOT ABER
YOU DOING?
PLEASE, NO!
YOU CAN'T
HANG ME!

STOP WHINING
YOU MURDERER!
I WON'T HANG
YOU.

I'LL GIVE
YOU A CHANCE
TO HAVE YOUR
SELF ' SO LONG,
TOUGH-BUTT AND
DON'T SNEEZE!

MEANWHILE TWO NAZI OFFICERS APPROACH
DER HANGMAN'S COURT ROOM.
(DON'T UNDERSTAND IT?)
DER HANGMAN WAS HERE
LATE FOR AN APPOINT-
MENT BEFORE!! VUN-
DER VOT IS A PROBLEM!
MAYBE HE IS
MARCHING UP DER
NEW EXECUTION
LIST! NOT AN EN-
JOYABLE JOB!

LATER IN THE HEAD-
QUARTERS OF LAYAL.

UND DER EXCELLENCY,
DER HANGMAN MIT
FIVE HO DAV, MEN
JUMPED ON ME
FROM BEHIND!

DON'T JUST
STAND THERE, YOU
FOOL! GET ME
DOWN FROM HERE!

THEN THIS
AMERICAN HANGMAN
WENT THRU
YOUR FILES,
YOU SAY?

JA, EXCELLENCY! I
FOUGHT HIM TOOTH
UND NAIL LIKE A
TIGER! BUT GERS
WERE TOO MANY.
UND...

STOP
JABBERING
YOU FOOL!

THIS IS
SERIOUS! THIS
HANGMAN IS A
MAN MUCH TO BE
FEARED! WHY HE
MIGHT EVEN TRY
TO GET AT ME!

DON'T
WORRY HERE
LAYAL!

DON'T WORRY! THE MAN IS CLEVER
ENOUGH TO GET INTO OUR COUNTRY
INTO OUR VERY OFFICES! IS
THERE ANYONE IN ALL EUROPE
WHO CAN CATCH HIM?

YES! I AM
CALLING HIM NOW!
THE HUNTER!

THE SCENE CHANGES TO A NEARBY CONCENTRATION CAMP.

ACH DIS HAS READY FOR AN EMPTY COFFIN! IT MUST WEIGH TWO HUNDRED POUNDS!

FEELS GOOD TO PUT IT DOWN! IT MUST BE A COFFIN FOR A VERY FAT FRENCHMAN!

BUT SHORTLY AFTERWARDS AS A NAZI OFFICER PASSES.

YAH!

WITCHES OFFICE OUT AND...

YAAAAH!

LATER, A POLICE MAN SENDS THE SHADOWS APPEARS IN THE TURNKEYS OFFICE.

WAKE UP BOB!

2-2-3-1 RIGHT YEA!

SEE LIGHTS AND WAKE-UP!

NO NO DON'T BODDER PUTTING ON THE LIGHTS- I'M IN A HURRY TAKE ME TO CELL 53!

JA HOHL!

DIS IS IT, HERR KAPITAN!

BOO! YOU MAY GO BACK TO YOUR POST!

NO! I TINK I STAY RIGHT HERE!

GOOT EVENING HANSMAN! I WAS WAITING FOR YOU!

THE HUNTER!

HAVE LONG WISHED TO MATCH WITH
WITH YOU "HANSMAN" BUT I DID NOT EXPECT
TO WIN SO EASILY!

I'LL ADMIT THE FIRST TRICK
IS YOURS, BUT HOW DID
YOU TRACK ME DOWN?

THAT IS MY SECRET! CLEVER
AS YOU WERE IN HIDING YOUR
TRACKS, I WAS EVEN MORE
CLEVER! NOW I SHALL SHOW
YOU THE PRISONER YOU
WISHED TO FREE!

SUDDENLY

CLANG

YOU MADE THE
MISTAKE OF UNDER-
ESTIMATING YOUR
SQUADRY, HUNTER!

POW

I'LL HAVE TO WORK
FAST NOW!

ALL RIGHT
JOHNNY
GORDON—
COME ON
OUT!

I WON'T
ANSWER ANY
QUESTIONS, I
TELL YOU!

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO —
JOHNNY —
RECOGNIZE
THIS HAND?

WHY IT'S
MY SISTER,
THELMA'S!

"TO THE HANDBAND! YOUR
SISTER'S BEST FRIEND
THELMA GAVE ME THE KING
TO PROVE MY CONNECTION
WITH HER IN CASE YOU
DOUBTED MY IDENTITY"
COME ON, JIMMY—I
NOTICED THIS CAR ON
MY WAY IN! LET'S
ABOORT IT!

"I'M WITH YOU, HANSMAN!
THE BEST WAY OUT IS
DOWN THIS LANE TO
OUR LEFT!"

"OKAY, DAD
LEAD THE
WAY."

"THE CAR SHOTS PAST THE
STARTLED GUARD..."

MINUTES LATER THE HUNTER DISCOVERS

"NOT HANDBANDS, BUT... DER
HANSMAN! I'VE GOT TO STOP
HIM!"

"QUICK-ANSWER!
WE DID ANYBODY
GO EAST THE
GATE!"

"WHY YES, HERR
HUNTER! JUST A FEW
MINUTES AGO—A
CAPTAIN AND ANOTHER
MAN DROVE OUT IN
A CAR!"

"A CAPTAIN AND
ANOTHER MAN—AND YOU
LET THEM PASS? TAKE DER
YOU STUPID INCOMPETENT
BOOL!"

"STANLESS
GOT OF A
GUARD! BUT
NO! I SHALL
NOT WORRY
ABOUT
IT..."

"THE HANSMAN WAS PROVEN
WORTHY OF MY HUNT
AND TALENTS! HIS BEING
TO GET INTERESTING! DER
HUNT IS ON—AND AS
ALWAYS DER HUNTER
VILL TRAD—AND KILL
US PREY!"

POW



HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU MANAGE TO FIND US, HANSMAN?

I KNEW THESE GERMANS KEPT SPECIAL FILES ON ALL THE AMERICAN CORRESPONDENTS THEY HAD IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS!



SO ALL I HAD TO DO WAS FIND THOSE FILES, AND I DID!

MERE CHILD'S PLAY, EH, SETTING BACK THE ENTIRE GERMAN AND HALF THE GERMAN ARMY?



NO TIME FOR COMPLIMENTS, JOHNNY! WE'LL HAVE TO SWITCH THE CAR AND TAKE TO THE WOODS!

RIGHT, HANSMAN!



FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, THEY WERE BORN IN THE WOODS! I KNOW THESE FORESTS LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND! BUT THE BORDER ISN'T MUCH FURTHER OFF!

THESE WOODS ARE OUR HOME, FOR THAT I AM A LITTLE Tired!

SUDDENLY...



WHAT'S THAT? HEAR BARKING?

WOUNDS! THE HUNTER IS AFTER US!



HEY! BRING AND THERE WAS A LOT OF BLOOD! I GOT YOU, MY FIRE WOUNDS! YOU MAY HAVE YOUR SUPPER SOONER THAN I THOUGHT!



THOSE WOUNDS ARE CLOSING IN ON US! WE'RE FINISHED UNLESS...



LATER

I COULD ONLY GET 2 BARRELS. HUNTER!

IT IS ENOUGH! POUR IT ALL INTO OUR WATER!



NOW, YOU TWO GO DOWNSTREAM WITH THE DOGS. AND SHOOT THEM ON SIGHT. THE CURRENT WILL CARRY OUR OIL DOWNSTREAM!



... AND BURNING OIL SHOULD MAKE THINGS A LITTLE HOT FOR THEM IF THEY ARE IN HIDEY!



LATER! BURNING OIL AND THE FLAMES ARE COMING RIGHT AT US!



HURRY, HANDMAN! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS SPRING OR...

NO! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!



WE'RE GOING TO SWIM UNDERWATER UPSTREAM AND EMERGE BEHIND THOSE FLAMES. TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND SWIM FOR DEAR LIFE!



YOU! KEEP FOLLOWING OUR FLAMES. YOU'VE GOT TO COME OUT SOONER OR LATER!









COME ON
DOWN LAD!
WE'VE WON!



HE'S STILL ALIVE. BUT I DON'T THINK
HELL HUNT ANYBODY FOR A LONG
TIME TO COME — IF EVER!



AND SO ONCE AGAIN,
THE TWO RESUME
THEIR MARCH TO-
WARD FREEDOM...

COME ON
JOHNNY!
WE CAN'T
QUIT
NOW!



LOOK! WE MADE
IT! THERE'S FREE-
DOM AHEAD!



THE ONE HAVEN OF REFUGE IN A
WAR-TORN, ENSLAVED EUROPE...
THE ONE LIGHT REMAINING IN A
DARK CONTINENT — SWITZER-
LAND...

AND SOMEWHERE IN
EUROPE...

NO BUTS! YOU
ARE ALL RESPONSIBLE
FOR DER HANGMAN'S
ESCAPE. YOU'VE TO
STOP HIM FROM
FLEEING!
SETTING TO ME
MY SUCH INCOM-
PETENT POOLS
AROUND ME!

NOTHING, HERE HITLER!
NOTHING CAN STOP THE
HANGMAN FROM GETTING
TO YOU FOR SO LONG AS THERE
IS A FREE SOUL IN THIS WORLD.
YOU MUST MEET YOUR
HANGMAN!



DEATH DRAWS A CARTOON

A HANGMAN STORY

BOB DICKERING pressed down hard on the gas pedal of his roadster. "We're almost there, aren't we, Don?" he asked.

Don Livingston smiled, his pudgy features looking almost handsome as they lit up. "Just about," he said. The smile grew on his face. "It does my heart good to see so much an admirer of my brother."

Bob's foot continued to work the pedal. "I've admired Flynn Livingston for almost ten years—ever since he first began to appear," he said. "He's the most perfect cartoonist I've ever seen. You'll find mistakes in other art jobs, but never in your brother's. Every detail perfect, every detail accurate." He swung the car along a side street. "It was certainly good news to me when I heard that he'd joined the staff of the new expense magazine, *Truth*. I'll tell him that when you introduce me to him."

Don's smile faded. "Bob," he said. "I'm pretty worried about these new cartoons Flynn's drawing for *Truth*. I know the magazine is doing a swell job, exposing crooked politicians and all that.

but, well, it's too dangerous. One of the cars may get sore and do something about it."

"No," said Bob. "My opinion is that he ought to keep right on doing his job, ridding this city of its destructive elements." He stopped the car. "This is it, isn't it?"

Don nodded, and the two men walked briskly up the stairs. They went through a series of rooms, past Flynn's living quarters, past a room full of information files the artist used to uphold his reputation of never having an inaccurate detail in his drawings. They started to enter the artist's workroom, and stopped.

Flynn Livingston lay over his desk, his head resting stiffly on top of an unfinished drawing. There was a knife in his back.

Bob peered at the unfinished

drawing and recognized it at once. The previous issue of *Truth* had advertised this cartoon.

The artist's own exposé of the man behind all crooked politics in the city.

It was a simple enough drawing, a scowling drawing the District Attorney pointing at a portrait of the political leader and saying, "That is him." But the killer had arrived in time. The mystery man's face was in outline, the features had not yet been drawn in.

Suddenly, Bob's eyes clouded over with thought. Flynn had drawn the D. A. in the attitude of a schoolteacher pointing at an object on a black-board—but he'd drawn him pointing with a walking-stick instead of a pointer!

And it was quite obviously a walking-stick, with ornate head and all. Was it possible that Flynn Livingston, noted for great accuracy in his art, had made a mistake in his last drawing?

And then, as suddenly, the par dream left Bob Dickering's eyes. The walking-stick was a message—and he understood its meaning!

"I'll go to the nearest phone and call the police," said Bob. Flynn Livingston had always considered the telephone a nuisance and a bother, and he had never in his apartment "you stick around and keep an eye on things." He rushed out of the room, and down the stairs.

Downstairs, he quickly slipped out of his civilian clothes and emerged as—The Hangman! He had talked Don Livingston into taking him over here to meet Flynn because he'd feared something like this would happen, and he'd wanted to look around without arousing suspicion. And though he had come too late to prevent murder—he was not too late to avenge it!

He waited a minute, and then, with startling suddenness, he burst

into the murder room. Don stared at him dumbly.

All the Hangman's keen eyes took in all the details of the room, pretending that he was seeing it for the first time. "Don Livingston," he said, after a moment, "look at the wall behind you!"

Don looked, and he took a step backward, face contorted. "The Hangman's noose!" he breathed.

"It's the sign of your guilt," said the Hangman, tightly. "You are the secret leader of crime in this city—and you killed your brother to keep him from exposing you! He was drawing when you came in to kill him, and he knew that you'd destroy the sheet of his worse something like, 'Don killed me'. So he simply slithered a walking stick into the D. A.'s pointing hand, and you didn't even notice anything wrong. But I understand the message. Don! It's a walking-stick, a cane—symbol of Cain in the Bible, who killed his own brother!"

There was a sickening silence. And then, horrors, Don Livingston lunged, a knife in his hand.

The Hangman sailed forward to meet him. His hand caught Don's wrist, and the two men fought for possession of the weapon. It was the craned strength of the murderer against the cool, mechanical science of The Hangman.

And then, suddenly, Don Livingston went limp. The Hangman, realising what had happened, released his hold—and the killer dropped to the floor. In the struggle, Don Livingston had plunged the weapon into his own heart!

The Hangman looked at the murderer's body, his eyes fixed. Certainly the murder had been avenged, but that did not bring back the life of a great and fearless artist. Wearily, he walked down the stairs—to return to the prosecutary of Bob Dickering and to surrender the police.

CAPTAIN COMMANDO

AND THE BOY
SOLDIERS

IN FRANCE, THE STORY OF A PEOPLE'S
COURAGE IS BEING WRITTEN IN BLOOD—
CONQUERED, THEY ARE STILL UNCON-
QUERABLE AND THEIR MORE OF FUTURE
VICTORY IS SURE, UNHELD BY ANY-
ING HEROES LIKE CAPTAIN
COMMANDO, WHOSE ONLY FAITH
IS FREEDOM.

AND SO IN A HOT
FRANCE, CAPTAIN
COMMANDO IS
IN THE FRONT LINE.

JACQUES COLORED
PINKIE MARSHALL
MICHEL TONER.

AN TWO PRISONERS CAME UP
ONE WAS BEHIND A BARRICADE.

WERE INCIDENTS
ON THE BATTLEFIELD
BEASTS WHY DON'T
THEY TAKE ONE
TOO?

YOU
RELATION

STOP GRUMBING TO YOURSELF!
YOUR TURN
WILL COME
SOON ENOUGH!

HA-HA-HA!
ALL THE ENEMIES
OF THE NEW
FRANCE WILL
DIE!

SUDDENLY THE
VERY GUARD
BEND CLOSER
TO THE KILLER
DELAHOUR.

MY FRIEND,
YOUR MESSAGE
TO YOUR SON
HAS GOTTEN THROUGH!

THANK
YOU
MOM
AND!

AFTER TWO OTHERS HAVE
COME.

ACROSS THE SUN IS
RISING ON AN EMBATTLED
FORTRESS - ENGLAND.

MY SON, THOUGH I
SEE THE CAUSE
OF FREEDOM
DAY YOU WILL
RETURN TO A
FRANCE THAT
HAS BEEN
DELIVERED
FROM HER
CHAINS AND
SHALL NOT
HAVE DIED
IN VAIN!

WHERE FREEDOM LIVES AMONG
THE HUMBLEST, IN A RUSTIC
BROWN HOUSE SOMEWHERE
OUTSIDE LONDON.

WILBERT!
TAKE A
LOOK AT
THIS!

MASTER GRAYSON,
SHOW ME WHAT
YOU HAVE IN
YOUR HAND!

Y-YES
SIR?

WELL, JUST
AS I THOUGHT!

WHO IS THE
BIGGEST
ME IN THE
WORLD?

(over her)

SEE, WELF PERHAPS
I WAS A BIT, ER,
TOO HARSH! BOYS
WILL BE BOYS!

CLASS IS DEEMED!
MASTERS GRAYSON,
STONES AND JANSEN
WILL STAY AFTER
CLASS!

YOU BOYS DON'T HAVE
THE RIGHT SPIRIT TOWARD
YOUR WORK! YET I KNOW
IF YOU WANTED TO YOU
COULD BE THE BEST
STUDENTS IN CLASS!

WE'RE
MORE INTERESTED
IN FIGHTING
HITLER THAN
HOMEWORK,
SIR!

WHY SOMETIMES
I WONDER IF
BEING A TEACHER
WOULDN'T GIVEN ME
THE WISDOM TO
ABOUT SPIRIT!

I WONDER
WHY ARMAND
WASN'T IN SCHOOL
TODAY! WE'D
BETTER GO
OVER AND SEE
IF HE'S ALL
RIGHT!

ARMAND!

SAY, WOULD
THE MASTER
WITH HEART?

I-I DO NOT MEAN TO
BE SO DOUR, MY
FRIEND! BUT—BUT
TODAY I GET A LETTER
FROM MY FATHER!
YOU SEE?

Armand, my son,
This will be the last
time I shall ever write
to you. But I know
there is an understand-
ing between us that-
ing better, as that-
dole not need words
carry on my son. Then
may the list of names
will live forever!
Affectionately
yours,
Father

THE NAME HAD
MY FATHER IN
MIND! THAT IS
NOT! LET US ONLY
MEAN! THEY ARE ONLY
GOING TO
KILL THEM!

I WISH
THERE
WAS
SOMETHING
WE
COULD
DO!





DOWN OVER HOSTILE FRANCE THE
INTERLOP GROUP BAILS OUT

HERE
DOES
NOTHING?

AND FAR BEYOND THEY COME TO BIRTH TO BEGIN
THEIR STRANGEST AND MOST FEROUS
ADVENTURES!

UP HERE, DELATOUR?
ABOUT YOU INTERESTED
IN THE TIME OF YOUR
OWN DEATH?

MEANWHILE IN THE
NAZI PRISON AT
LES BOURGES...

HENRI, DELATOUR!
YOU ARE SENTENCED
TO BE HANGED IN THE
PUBLIC SQUARE
AT DAWN!

FAREWELL, HONORABLE
DELATOUR! I AM SORRY
THIS HAD TO HAPPEN...
BUT I DO EVERYTHING
I COULD!

I KNOW THAT!
IN YOUR OWN
WAY YOU ARE
FIGHTING FOR
FRANCE TOO!

AND SO, TO A MUFFLED BEAT OF DRUMS
HENRI DELATOUR IS LED TOWARD THE
Scaffold, WHILE UNNOTICED A RAY
WAGON APPROACHES WITH A SIMPLE
PASSENT IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT...

A CROWD GATHERS TO WATCH GUILTY AND
ANGRY JEWS REACH THE
THREAT OF NAZI GUNS!

PEOPLE OF GERMANY!
FRANCE! FORTUNATE
PEOPLE!

TODAY YOU WITNESS
OUR EXECUTION OF
AN ENEMY OF OUR
STATE WHICH HAS
GIVEN YOU SO MUCH
IN THE NAME OF OUR
GLORIOUS FATHERLAND!
ASK YOU TO JOIN ME
AND SALUTE! HEIL
HITLER!

AND THE PEOPLE WAVE
STARING WITH BLANK EYES
THEIR FISTS CLENCHED
AT THEIR SIDES.

ACH! DEER
FASANTEN!
VILL BE NEVER
LEARN! ON WITH
DER EXECUTION!

ANY LAST WORDS,
DE LA TOUR?

FEEL
LOVE
LIVE
LIBERTY!

THEN FROM
THE CROWD
A SINGLE
SHOT RINGS
OUT STRAIGHT
AND TRUE TO
THE MARK.

AND THEN, BRINGING THE
IN THE NAME OF THE
CAPTAIN COMMANDER
AND THE BOY SOLDIER.

SEPARATELY FIGHTING, THEY
SLUGS TOWARD THE GALLONS.



OUT OF MY WAY,
MISTER! I'M
COMING
THROUGH!



GET
HIM!

GOOBY!

GET
HIM!



TOO BAD YOU NAZIS
NEVER HAD A CHILD-
HOOD, OR YOU KNOW
ABOUT THIS
TRICK!



A MAD GUARD
TAKES AIM
WITH A DEADLY
AUTOMATIC
GUN.

THE
DEVIL
SHOULD
HAVE
A
PITCHFORK
MAY'S MON!



DURING THE CHASE, THE
CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND
THE BOY SOLDIERS REIZE
AN OFFICER'S CAR.

LET'S
GO,
LADDS!



AS THE CAR PICKS UP SPEED
A MAN DASHES FROM THE
CROWD. THE MIGHTY GUARD!

NOT DON'T
HE'S A
FRIEND!

HURRY!
THE NAZIS
ARE AFTER
US!

WAIT!
TAKE ME
TOO!



A MAD CHASE
BEGINNETH!



ON EVERY HAND THE NAZIS RING THEIR PURSUIT NIMBERED...



AND IN THE MEANTIME...



THEY ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION...



A FEW FEET FROM THE HIDEOUT, CAPT SCREAMS TO A GUY BEHIND THE SURFACED GUARD, "REALLY WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"



"YOU TWO OUGHT TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER!"



DELAZOUR WRENCHES A RIFLE AWAY AND PLAYS ABOUT HIM WITH TELLING EFFECT.



AT LAST...

THEY'RE FINISHED, LAZAR, AND THAT WAS A FINE PIECE OF WORK, DE LAZOUR!

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN!

ALL BUT CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE HOYT SOLDIER ENTER THE BOAT



COME ABOARD! WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE!



I'VE COME TO STAY HERE, CAPTAIN! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE AT HOME! SON, YOUR MY FRIEND! SOO GO WITH YOU!

AS THE BOAT SPEEDS AWAY FROM SHORE, A SMALL SHOT RINGS OUT, THE HOYT GUARD STAGGERS.



IT SEEMS THAT WHAT I SAID ABOUT DYING FOR MY CAUSE IS PROVEN! BUT I CAN AT LEAST DIE A FREE MAN! VIVE LA REPUBLICUE! VIVE LA DEMOCRACIE!



YOU MURDERING SCUMPS FOR EVERY MAN THAT FALLS TODAY! A NEW ORDE WILL RISE IN HIS PLACE! WE'LL BE BACK!



DANNY IN WONDERLAND

YIPPEE! HERE I
COME, DANNY!

AS THEY SWIM A
100' FLOATS LADBY BY

HEY, DANNY,
TAKE A LOOK AT
ME! I'M A
WATERBOUT!

BOY! THIS
IS THE LIFE,
HUPPWAH!

SUDDENLY, ON THE SHORE
SHAPPER SEES

SHAPPER LEAPS TO PROTECT
HIS FRIEND

MY MAGIC SWORDS
ON THE SHORE! I'VE
GOT TO GET IT!

WE'RE
ALMOST
THERE!
(HURRY)

HANG ON,
SHAPPER! MY
SWORD IS TANGLED
UP IN THE
ALLIGATOR!

THE MAGIC SWORD FINDS ITS MARK

BUT THE ALLIGATOR THRASHES
AROUND AND HIS TAIL SLAMS
SHAPPER AGAINST A TREE!



FATHER TIME, DANNY—AND HE MAY NOT BE SO EASY TO GET TO HERE—TAKE THIS CAMOUFLAGE ROBE AND ROAD MAP! AND GOOD LUCK!

THANKS, MOTHER NATURE

THANKS A LOT!

THEY PROCEED THRU THE FOREST

THE MAP SAYS TO CONTINUE ALONG THE TRAIL!

UNTIL WE SIGHT THE FIERY GAVRINS AND THERE THEY ARE NOW!

O-DEE, THESE GAVRINS LOOK O-DAANGEROUS!

CAREFUL, KUPPE! WE'RE IN THE POITY GAVRINS NOW!

WATCH YOUR STEP, KUPPE! THESE LEGRS ARE SLUMPERT

I-YEAH! AND IT SURE IS WINDY HERE! I'M O-SCARED, DANNY!

KUPPE!

HELP!

GOT KA!

OWH! IT'S SO SLUMPERT—I CAN'T GET YOU UP!

MURDER! THE PLANTS TURN
OUT FURIOUS AT LOSING
THEIR PREY! BUT



SOME MINUTES LATER.....

ANOTHER GAVE THIS MUST LEAD
TO THE CAVERNS OF THE
MONSTERS!

IT'S NO
KIDDING!



I GUESS WE OUGHTA USE
THOSE CAMOUFLAGE ROBES
MOTHER NATURE GAVE US
I'LL SLIP MINE ON NOW,
AND



DANNY!
DANNY!
WHERE ARE
YOU? DON'T
LEAVE ME
ALONE, DANNY!

HERE I AM, RUNNING RIGHT
BEHIND YOU! THIS CAMOUFLAGE
ROBE MADE ME LOOK LIKE
PART OF THE SURROUNDINGS.
HAD YOU COULDN'T SEE
ME?



JUST KEEP YOUR ROBE
WRAPPED AROUND YOU
AND THE MONSTERS
WON'T EVEN KNOW
WE'RE RUNNING
THROUGH!



WELL, HERE
IT IS. TOP-OF
THE MOUNTAIN
WE'VE GOT TO
CLIMB!

SEE IT'S
PRETTY
BIG, ISN'T
IT?

BOY'S GUFF! THIS IS
PRETTY TOUGH, RUNNING,
BUT WE'RE ALMOST AT
THE TOP!



(PUFF PUFF)
I HOPE SO. WE'VE
CLIMBED SO MUCH
MY CORNS ARE
DEVELOPING
CORNS!



JUST A FEW
MORE FEET,
RUNNING!

AREN'T THEY
TIGHT? THEY
TIGHTEN UP
FOR YOU AND
ARE THEY
FOR A RUN-
NISE!



HEY!
HEY!

DANNY!
DID YOU
SEE WHAT
I SAY?

YES! BUT WE
CAN'T STOP NOW.
KEEP CLIMBING,
KUPPE!

JUMPING JELLY
BEARDS! THE
MOUNTAIN SHOT
UP AGAIN!

ZIP

JUST AS DANNY AND KUPPE
ARE ABOUT TO REACH THE
TOP, THE MOUNTAIN SHOCKS UP.



NO USE
KUPPE! WE'RE
LAPPED! THIS
MOUNTAIN HAS
NO TOP!

WHAT! ARE
AFTER ALL
THIS CLIMBING!



HEE HEE! I SURE
FOOLED 'EM
THAT TIME.

GROW UP!
LET'S
GO DOWN!



SAY, THEY SHOULD HAVE COME
THROUGH THAT CLOUD BY THIS
TIME. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO
THEM? I'D BETTER DUCK UNDER
AND SEE!

?



IT WORKED KUPPE! HE
DROPPED UNDER US
JUMP!

ANY
MORE?



KUPPE! WE'RE ON
TOP, DANNY!



LOOK AT
THAT TIME
FLYING! THIS
MUST BE
FATHER
TIME'S
CASTLE!

GROW
UP!



SERGEANT BOYLE

BY
HUBBELL

BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE PACIFIC OCEAN STEAMS AN ENDLESS PROCESSION OF CONVOYS, CARRYING U.S. SOLDIERS AND SUPPLIES TO THE EASTERN FRONT. AS OUR STORY OPENS, A CONVOY IS ABOUT TO RE-TURN TO A CALIFORNIA PORT!









NARRE: IF WE PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER WE COULD HATCH OUT A GOOD ONE OURSELVES!

WIM: SHUT UP! I'M GETTING AN IDEA! DON'T DISTURB MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT!

TWEEP: CURE!



HA HA! THEY DON'T SEE US COME IN!

WIM: THERE'LL BE GOOD! LET'S WATCH 'EM STRUGGLE!

SUPPOSING WE DO A STORY WHERE BOYLE SINKS A JAP AIRCRAFT CARRIER WITH A CAN-OPENER!

NOW THAT'S OLD STUFF! HOW ABOUT NO, THAT'S NO GOOD EITHER!



SAY! WHY DON'T YOU WHIP UP A STORY ABOUT BOYLE COMING TO NEW YORK ON FURLOUGH?



WIM: THAT'S A THOUGHT! NOT BAD!... WHAT DO YOU THINK, SHORTEN?

WIM: SAY! WHO SAID THAT ANYWAY! HOLY CATS! BOYLE?

HA HA BOY! SURPRISED TO SEE ME!

HOPE YOU GUYS WILL BE GOOD FRIENDS! TWEEP THINKS YOU MAKE HIM TOO DUMB!

ANY FRIEND OF BOYLE'S IS ONE OF MINE! SO PUT 'EM THERE! NOW ABOUT MAKING A SKETCH OF ME!

SURE! I'D BE GLAD TO!



OKAY! ENOUGH OF THAT, NOW WHY DON'T YOU GUYS SET TOGETHER ON THE STORY AND FOR PETER'S SAKE, RUSH IT!

SURE THING! WHERE'S A NICE QUIET PLACE TO GO?

COME UP TO THE STUDIO BARRE! YOU CAN GIVE ME THE STORY UP THERE AND I'LL START THE DRAWINGS!

WIM: TWEEP! WE'RE GOING! WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

HA HA HA! LOOK AT THESE ENGRAVERS' BROODS OF THE NEW 'JACQOTTY' WHAT A RID THIS ARCHIE IS!

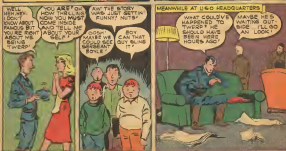
WE'LL WORK THIS STORY OUT BETTER ALONE, TWEEP! WHAT SAY WE MEET AT THE USO LATER?

SURE! MEANWHILE I'LL TAKE IN SOME OF THE GOATS, & LIONS!



HA HA HA







WELL! WHAT'S ALL THIS? A WELCOMING COMMITTEE?

LOOK AT HIM! HE LOOKS JUST LIKE HIS PICTURES!

SAUF! ON BOY!

ETHE SARGE!



WELL! WAY! I'M REAL GLAD TO KNOW YOU FELLERS! TOO BAD CAPTAIN THEED ISN'T HERE!

AW! WE SAW HIM ALREADY!

YEAH! HE GAVE HIS ADDRESS! SEE?



YOU SAW HIM? WHERE WAS HE? HE WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET ME HERE!

YEAH, WE JUST LEFT HIM ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES AGO! WE'LL TAKE YA THERE!



SO YOU BOYS HAVE YOUR OWN SEX? THAT'S SWELL! IS THIS THE PLACE WHERE TWENTY IS?

WE WANT RIGHT IN THERE WITH A LADY!



WOULD YA LIKE TO SEE OUR SEX SARGE? WE'LL SHOW YA SOME SWELL JOBS WE BEEN PRACTICING!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE BEST FUN I'LL HAVE HAD IN NEW YORK! BE RIGHT OUT!



WHA! I DON'T SEE HIM!

SAY BOOBY, DID AN ENGLISH OFFICER WITH A LITTLE MUSTACHE COME IN HERE?

NO!



I'M THE MANAGER! NOT'S ALL THIS SHOUTING?

I'M LOOKING FOR A PAL OF MINE AND I KNOW HE WAS IN HERE SO GIVE OUT!

COME TO MY OFFICE WE TALK THERE!



YOU ARE MISTAKEN! MY FRIEND OR YOURS? I WOULD NOT EVEN ALLOW IN MY DODGERS-ALISHMENT! AND DOT INCLUDES YOU! GOODBYE!

OK! OK! I'LL GO, BUT IF HE DOESN'T TURN UP, I'M COMING BACK!!



I WONDER IF THOSE SMART LITTLE BRATS WERE HIDING ME IT? WHAT'S THAT?





MELODIES OF MURDER

A SHIELD STORY

DUSTY grinned as they entered the music shop. "Aw, come on, Joe," he said. "You act as though you're going to have a tooth pulled."

Joe Higgins grinned in mock agony. "It's this way, Dusty," he explained. "I like swing music well enough, but somehow I feel like doing something other than just listening to records tonight. What say we go to a wrestling match, huh?"

Dusty shook his head positively, and led the way down the aisle, past the three-man counter, over to the record shelves. "Nothing doing," he said. "I've had my eye on this shop for over a month, and I want to pick up a few new players to add to my collection."

As they reached the record shelves, the solitary clerk stepped up to them, a professional smile on his thin mustache-like face. "I was just about to close up," he said. "But I've got to bring my sales report to Mr. Glasbourn, the owner, and if you wish to look around for your wares while I'm upstairs in his office, you're perfectly welcome to do so."

"Thanks," said Dusty. "We'll do that." The clerk nodded and walked upstairs.

Dusty began to pick jockally through the records. He kept at this for about five minutes, then he straightened up and shook his head. "Funny," he said. "I thought they'd have a better selection than this. There isn't a single worthwhile player here. Come let's go." He turned to leave, and suddenly swerved back. "Hey, wait a minute, there's a pile of records behind the counter. I'm going to have a look at them."

He selected several of the top players and examined them intently. "Sing Sing Sing, by Benny Goodman, *Toronto Times*, by Erskine Hawkins, *Swingin'*

Red, by Glenn Miller. I don't own any of these, but I've always wanted to." He turned to Joe. "Switch on the juke, will you, Joe? I want to hear these babies once more before I buy them."

Joe switched on the machine, and Dusty slipped the needle in place. The music began to pour forth. "You can't beat Benny Goodman," Dusty murmured. He listened for a moment as the orchestra collaborated on smooth melody, and then he said, "Get this! Here's where Benny himself does a clarinet solo."

He was wrong. The mood of the music suddenly changed, and a saxophone began to blurt. It was a very poor saxophone job, jerky, unmusical.

Dusty almost leaped into the air. "There's something phony here," he said. "I've heard Benny Goodman's version of Sing Sing Sing about three hundred times, and I see a clarinet solo should have been played." He paused. "Hold on! Let's hear the trumpet—uh, help off."

There was no trumpet. Instead, a drummer began his beat, pounding the skins in an odd, eccentric rhythm.

Joe Higgins had been listening with amusement and sudden understanding stretched across his features. "You wouldn't repeat your sell, Dusty," he said. "There's something phony here all right, and I think I know what it is."

He scratched up the Benny Goodman record. "Look that deer on that melody, comes in," he said. "We've got some business here."

Dusty quickly followed instructions, and the pair raced up the stairs. At the head of the stairs, they stopped for a moment to remove their outer clothing, and The Shield and Dusty were ready for action!

They burst into the room marked "Office of Hugo Glasbourn,"

Glasbourn was seated behind his desk talking to his clerk. "What is all this?" he demanded.

"I'll tell you what all this is," The Shield clipped out. He placed the Benny Goodman record on Glasbourn's desk. "I've just discovered a neat lot of fifth column activity."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Glasbourn.

"Don't act, Glasbourn," said The Shield. "Millions of phonograph records are shipped yearly to South America. You insert an instrumental solo and ship three discs to your agents in South America. They play the real record and the changed record at once, and when a part differs in the changed record they copy it down. Morse code, Glasbourn, is sent to send via drum-beats and the playing of a saxophone."

Glasbourn's breath passed through his teeth. "Get them, Fritz," he said softly.

With a lightning-fast motion, he pulled a gun from his desk drawer, and brought it up spotting Dave. A bullet hit into the wall.

He didn't fire a second shot. He didn't have a chance. The Shield was on him, fists flashing. Two blows and Glasbourn was through.

Dusty had also leaped toward Glasbourn and the clerk, Fritz, took advantage of this. He dashed out of the door and began to run wildly.

Dusty raced after him, and after examining Glasbourn to make sure he was really out cold, The Shield followed to help.

But his help wasn't necessary. He found Fritz lying on the floor, unconscious. Dusty had hit him on the head with the pile of faked phonograph records!

"Golly, I should have hit the rat harder," said Dusty. "He being a Nazi is bad enough, but can you imagine the nerve of the guy—putting on a Benny Goodman solo. It's positively laughable!"

Archie

by
Mortimer



IT IS THE ANNUAL SWIMMING MEET AT RIVERDALE HIGH AND THE STUDENTS WAIT BREATHLESSLY FOR THE STARTER'S GUN AND THE "WAGHO GILLS FREE STYLE RACE." POOR ARCHIE COULDN'T ENTER THE MEET THIS YEAR. A NOTA GOT INTO HIS BATHING SUIT (AND FRANKLY, IT LOOKED BETTER IN IT THAN ARCHIE DOES), BUT THERE'S NOTHING DEAD ABOUT THAT DATE-NUT ON THE RIGHT! SHE'S VERONICA, LOOSE BOSTON GUS-DOG, AND SHE WON'T IN THAT WATER HALF AS HARD AS SHE'S HIT ARCHIE!

ON YOUR MARKS!
GET SET!



HEY, ARCHIE!
DON'T GET SO
EXCITED! YOU'LL
FALL IN!

YIPPEE!
VERONICA'S
OUT IN FRONT!
COME ON,
VERONICA!

BING







WHILE GOING, ARCHIE RIGHT IN MR. LOGGIE'S HAT.





SENATOR FELDMAN SPEAKS

NOW THAT MR. FELDMAN ANDREWS IS HERE LET'S GET TO THE POINT!

ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF INDEPENDENT CONCENTRATION RAISE THEIR HANDS!

THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHAT MR. LOOSE SAID TO VOTE FOR... INDEPENDENT CONCENTRATION!

NOW ALL IN FAVOR OF INTERSTATE COORDINATION!

I SEE THAT THAT'S WHAT MR. LOOSE... INTERSTATE COORDINATION... I WISH I'D WRITTEN IT DOWN! THEY BOTH SOUND ALIKE!

THAT'S FUNNY! I COUNTED FOUR TO FOUR - THAT'S EIGHT HANDS! BUT THERE ARE ONLY SEVEN OF US! SOMEBODY VOTED TWICE!

LET'S TRY IT AGAIN - ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF INDEPENDENT CONCENTRATION RAISE YOUR HANDS!

ALL IN FAVOR OF INTER-STATE COORDINATION RAISE THEIR HANDS! THREE TO THREE... THE SAME SOMEBODY DIDN'T VOTE AT ALL!

FORGODDUN US, BUT MR. ANDREWS... ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE VOTING?

WELL, SURE... BUT I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND YET!

THREE TO ONE... ONLY ONE VOTE TO TAKE AND YOUR HAND!

NOW MY STATE FEELS THAT!

GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN! PLEASE! ONE AT A TIME!

AND THAT, MR. ANDREWS, IS WHY YOU SHOULD VOTE INTERSTATE COORDINATION!

SEE, I NEVER LOOKED AT IT THAT WAY!

GENTLEMEN, I'M GLAD MR. ANDREWS WAS NOT AS HASTY AS WE WERE IN VOTING. ON RECONSIDERING THE FACTS I'M SURE WE ALL SEE OUR WAY CLEAR NOW!... SUPPOSE WE CAST ANOTHER BALLOT!

DADDY SAID TO GIVE YOU A BIG KISS! YOU PRACTICALLY DROVE HIM IN THE GOVERNOR'S CHAIR!

FORNOR GOVERNOR LOOSE BILL CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY! ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO VOTE TO GOVERNOR LOOSE?

GROWING GOLD ANDREW RETURNS TO THE GOVERNOR'S CHAIR!

WELL, ARCHIE'S HAVING A GOOD TIME WITH VERONICA NOW, BUT WHAT ABOUT BETTY COOPER? FOLLOW ARCHIE IN DED AND JACKSON COMES

RENTLEY

OF
SCOTLAND YARD
IN THE
CHURCH - STEEPLE
MURDERS

GLORY BE!
THAT MAN UP
THERE! WHAT A
HORRIBLE WAY
TO DIE!

HALLO?
ANYBODY
HERE?

WHY YES,
WHAT IS IT?





AND AS CHIT
UP TO THE CORPSE...

BY JOVE! THE BUTLER!
BUT IT CAN'T BE!
HARKNESS WHERE
HARKNESS DID!
APPEARED TO
LAST NIGHT!



HARKNESS
WAS GOING TO
MEET ME IN THE
BELFRY AT MID-
NIGHT LAST NIGHT!
AT QUARTER TO
MIDNIGHT I HEARD
THE BELLS TOLL AND
FIFTEEN MINUTES
LATER I WENT UP
AND WAITED! COME
ALONG - I'LL SHOW
YOU WHERE!

BELOW THE FOURTH
ASCENDS THE WINDING
STAIRS WHICH LEAD
TO THE TOWER.



THIS
BENTLEY IS THE
BELFRY OF OUR LITTLE
CHURCH!

AND
THAT'S
THE OBSERVATION
WINDOW AT WHICH
HARKNESS WAS
SUPPOSED TO HAVE
MET ME! BUT HE
NEVER SHOWED
UP!

WHY! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?
YOU PROMISED YOU
WOULDN'T COME UP
WITHOUT THE BUTLER
OR MYSELF! YOU
MIGHT TRIP AND
FALL!

THIS IS MY
WIFE, ANNE.
MR BENTLEY
SHE ALWAYS
WORRIES
ABOUT ME!

OH!
ARE YOU
HERE ON A
VACATION?

WELL, I
DON'T
MUCH LOOK AS
THOUGH I'LL
BE! ONE
VERY STRANGE
TRIP!







I UNDERSTAND NOW! THESE OLD ENGLISH CHURCHES ARE BUILT SO THE STEEPLES CAN BE RAISED OR LOWERED. SOMEBODY KNOWS IT AND IS REGULATING THE STEEPLE FROM THE BELFRY BELOW!





"IS YOU ANNE CRIVET? YOU COMMITTED THE MURDER AND THEN SHOWING I WAS IN THE BELFRY YOU TRIED TO KILL ME!"



TREMBLING UNDER THE ACCUSATION ANNE CRIVET, DASHES PAST THE GATHERINGS



UP UP THE LONG WINDING STAIRS

THEY WON'T GET ME ALIVE!



"I'M TOO LATE!"

LATER, WHEN THERE IS A MARRIAGE LICENSE FOUND IN THE BELFRY, IT PROVES THAT ANNE WAS A BIGAMIST—MARRIED TO BOTH OF YOU! THE HARSH TRUTH IS SHE MARRIED YOU FOR YOUR MONEY!



THEY PLANNED TO IMPEAL YOU MR CRIVET, ON THIS SLIDING STEEPLE—ONLY ONE THING WENT HORRIBLE!



ANNE'S WATCH WAS FIFTTEEN MINUTES FAST! YOU TOLD ME YOU HEARD THE CLOCK CHIME AT A QUARTER OF TWELVE LAST NIGHT. ANNE WAS RINGING THE BELLS KNOWING YOU WOULD BE KNOCKED OFF YOUR FEET



AGAINST THIS STEEPLE! YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPEALED ON IT, ROBBED OF EVERYTHING—AND IT WOULD HAVE LOOKED LIKE AN ACCIDENT, BUT BECAUSE OF THE GONY OF FATE, HER WATCH WAS FAST, SHE RANG THE BELLS TOO SOON—AND HER HUSBAND WAS KILLED!



FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

**Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved**

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the foot. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

SEND COUPON

Disease Often Misunderstood

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it, however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

400 Poydras St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my foot is getting better I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle or you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

